

A D V I C E,
AND
R E P R O O F:
T W O
S A T I R E S.

First Published in the Year 1746 and 1747.

-----*Sed podice levi*
Cæduntur tumidæ medico ridente Mariscæ.-----
O Proceres ! censure opus est an haruspice nobis ?

JUVENAL.

-----*nam quis*
Peccandi finem posuit sibi ? quando recepit
Ejectum semel attritâ de fronte ruborem ?

IBID.

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A D V I C E:

^A S A T I R E.

P O E T. F R I E N D.

P. **E**Nough, enough ; all this we knew before :

'Tis infamous, I grant it, to be poor :

And who so much to sense and glory lost,

Will hug the curse that not one joy can boast ?

From the pale hag, O ! could I once break loose ;

Divorc'd, all hell shall not re-tie the noose !

Not with more care shall *H-----* avoid his wife,

Not *C---pe* fly swifter, lashing for his life ;

Than I to leave the meager fiend behind.

Fr. Exert your Talents ; Nature, ever kind, 10

8. *Not C---pe fly swifter.*] A General famous for an expeditious retreat, tho' not quite so deliberate as that of the ten thousand *Greeks* from *Perfia* ; having unfortunately forgot to bring his army along with him.

B

Enough

Enough for happiness, bestows on all ;
 'Tis sloth or pride that finds her gifts too small----
 Why sleeps the muse?----is there no room for praise,
 When such bright names in constellation blaze?
 When sage *N--c--tle*, abstinently great, 15
 Neglects his food to cater for the State ;
 And *Gr-ft-n*, tow'ring *Atlas* of the throne,
 So well rewards a genius like his own :
Gr-nv-le and *B-th* illustrious, need I name
 For sober dignity and spotless fame ; 20
 Or *P--t* th' unshaken *Abdiel* yet unsung :
 Thy candour, *Ch---ly* ! and thy truth, O *Y--nge* !
 P. Th' advice is good ; the question only, whether
 These names and virtues ever dwelt together ?

15. *When sage N--w--tle, &c.*] Alluding to the philosophical contempt which this great personage manifests for the sensual delights of the stomach.

17. *And Gr--ft--n tow'ring Atlas of the throne, &c.*] This Noble Peer, remarkable for sublimity of parts, by virtue of his office, conferred the laureat on *C--lly C--bb--r*, Esq; a delectable bard, whose character has already employed, together with his own, the greatest pens of the age.

19. *Gr---nv---le and B---th, &c.*] Two Noblemen famous in their day, for nothing more than their fortitude in bearing the scorn and reproach of their country.

21. *Or P--t th' unshaken Abdiel, &c.*] *Abdiel*, according to *Milton*, was the only seraph that preserved his integrity in the midst of corruption----

*Among the innumerable false, unmow'd,
 Unshaken, uneduc'd, untir'd----*

But

But what of that ? the more the Bard shall claim, 25
 Who can create as well as cherish fame.
 But one thing more,---how loud must I repeat,
 To rouse th' ingag'd attention of the Great
 Amus'd, perhaps, with C---'s prolific bum,
 Or rapt amidst the transports of a drum ; 30
 While the grim porter watches ev'ry door,
 Stern foe to tradesmen, poets, and the poor.
 Th' Hesperian dragon not more fierce and fell ;
 Nor the gaunt, growling janitor of hell.
 Ev'n *Atticus*, (so wills the voice of Fate) 35
 Inshrines in clouded Majesty, his state ;
 Nor to th' adoring croud vouchsafes regard,
 Tho' priests adore, and ev'ry priest a bard.
 Shall I then follow with the venal tribe,
 And on the threshold the base mongrel bribe? 40

29. *Amus'd perhaps with C---'s prolific bum,*] This alludes to a phenomenon, not more strange than true. The person here meant, having actually laid upwards of forty eggs, as several physicians and fellows of the R--y--l S--ci--ty can attest ; one of whom (we hear) has undertaken the incubation, and will (no doubt) favour the world with an account of his success. Some virtuosi affirm, that such productions must be the effect of a certain intercourse of organs, not fit to be named.

30. *Transports of a drum ;*] This is a riotous assembly of fashionable people, of both sexes, at a private house, consisting of some hundreds ; not unaptly filed a drum, from the noise and emptiness of the Entertainment. There are also drum-major, rout, tempest and hurricane, differing only in degrees of multitude and uproar, as the significant name of each declares.

Bribe him, to feast my mute-imploring eye,
 With some proud Lord, who smiles a gracious lie!
 A lie to captivate my heedless youth,
 Degrade my talents, and debauch my truth;
 While fool'd with hope, revolves my joyless day, 45
 And friends, and fame, and fortune fleet away;
 'Till scandal, indigence, and scorn, my lot,
 The dreary jail entombs me, where I rot!
 Is there, ye varnish'd ruffians of the state!
 Not one, among the millions whom ye cheat, 50
 Who while he totters on the brink of woe,
 Dares, ere he fall, attempt th' avenging blow!
 A steady blow! his languid soul to feast;
 And rid his country of one curse at least!

Fr. What! turn assassin?

P. Let th' assassin bleed : 55
 My fearless verse shall justify the deed.
 'Tis he, who lures th' unpractis'd mind astray,
 Then leaves the wretch to misery, a prey;

Per-

Perverts the race of virtue just begun,
And stabs the public in her ruin'd son. 60

Fr. Heav'ns how you rail! the man's consum'd by
If *L--km--n's* fate attends you, when you write; ^[spite!]
Let prudence more propitious arts inspire:
The lower still you crawl, you'll climb the higher.
Go then, with ev'ry supple virtue stor'd, 65
And thrive, the favour'd valet of my Lord.
Is that denied? a boon more humble crave;
And minister to him who serves a slave:
Be sure you fasten on promotion's scale;
Ev'n if you seize some footman by the tail: 70
Th' ascent is easy, and the prospect clear,
From the smirch'd scullion to th' embroider'd Peer.
Th' ambitious drudge preferr'd, postilion rides,
Advanc'd again, the chair benighted guides;
Here doom'd, if nature strung his finewy frame, 75
The slave (perhaps) of some insatiate dame;

62. *L--km--n's fate*] To be little read, and less approv'd.

But if exempted from th' *Herculean* toil,
 A fairer field awaits him, rich with spoil ;
 There shall he shine, with ming'ling honours bright,
 His master's pathic, pimp, and parasite ; 80
 Then strut a Captain, if his wish be war,
 And grasp in hope, a truncheon and a star :
 Or if the sweets of peace his soul allure,
 Bask at his ease in some warm sinecure ;
 His fate in consul, clerk, or agent, vary, 85
 Or cross the seas, an envoy's secretary :
 Compos'd of falshood, ignorance, and pride,
 A prostrate sycophant shall rise a *L---d* :
 And won from kennels to th' impure imbrace,
 Accomplish'd *W-----n* triumph o'er disgrace. 90

P. Eternal infamy his name surround,
 Who planted first that vice on *British* ground !

88. *A prostrate sycophant shall rise a L---d :*] This child of dirt, (to use a great author's expression), without any other quality than grovelling adulation, has arrived at the power of insulting his betters every day.

90. *Accomplish'd W-----n*] Another son of fortune, who owes his present affluence to the most infamous qualifications.

A vice that 'spite of sense and nature reigns,
 And poisons genial love, and manhood stains!
Pollio! the pride of science and its shame, 95
 The muse weeps o'er thee, while she brands thy name!
 Abhorrent views that prostituted groom,
 Th' indecent grotto and polluted dome!
 There only may the spurious passion glow,
 Where not one laurel decks the Caitiff's brow, 100
 Obscene with crimes avow'd, of every dye,
 Corruption, lust, oppression, perjury:
 Let *Ch---n* with a chaplet round his head,
 The taste of *Maro* and *Anacreon* plead;
 " Sir, *Flaccus* knew to live as well as write, 105
 " And kept, like me, two boys array'd in white.
 Worthy to feel that appetite of fame
 Which rivals *Horace* only in his shame!

103. Let *Ch---n* with a chaplet round his head,] This genial Knight wore at his own banquet a garland of flowers, in imitation of the ancients; and kept two rosy boys robed in white, for the entertainment of his guests.

Let

Let *Isis* wail in murmurs, as she runs,
 Her tempting fathers and her yielding sons;
 While Dullness screens the failings of the church,
 Nor leaves one sliding Rabbi in the lurch :
 Far other raptures let the breast contain,
 Where heav'n-born taste and emulation reign.

Fr. Shall not a thousand virtues, then, atone
 In thy strict censure for the breach of one ?
 If *Bubo* keeps a catamite or, whore,
 His bounty feeds the beggar at his door :
 And tho' no mortal credits *Curio's* word,
 A score of laquies fatten at his board :
 To Christian meekness sacrifice thy spleen,
 And strive thy neighbour's weaknesses to screen.

P. Scorn'd be the bard, and wither'd all his fame,
 Who wounds a brother weeping o'er his shame !

109. Let *Isis* wail in murmurs as she runs, &c.] In allusion to the unnatural Orgies said to be solemnized on the banks of this river ; particularly at one place, where a much greater sanctity of morals and taste might be expected.

111. While dullness screens, &c.] This is a decent and parental office, in which dullness is employed ; namely, to conceal the failings of her children : and exactly conformable to that instance of filial piety, which we meet with in the son of *Noah*, who went backward, to cover the nakedness of his father, when he lay exposed : from the scoffs and insults of a malicious world.

But if an impious wretch with frantic pride, 125
 Throws honour, truth, and decency aside,
 If nor by Reason aw'd, nor check'd by Fears,
 He counts his glories from the stains he bears;
 Th' indignant muse to Virtue's aid shall rise,
 And fix the brand of infamy on vice. 130
 What if arous'd at his imperious call,
 An hundred footsteps echo thro' his hall;
 And on high Columns rear'd, his lofty dome
 Proclaims th' united art of *Greece* and *Rome*:
 What tho' whole Hecatombs his *Crew* regale, 135
 And each *Dependant* slumbers o'er his ale;
 While the remains through Mouths unnumber'd past,
 Indulge the beggar and the dogs at last:
 Say, friend, is it benevolence of soul,
 Or pomp'ous vanity, that prompts the whole? 140
 These sons of sloth who by profusion thrive,
 His pride inveigled from the public hive;

And numbers pine in solitary woe,
 Who furnish'd out this phantasia of shew.
 When silent misery assail'd his eyes, 145
 Did e'er his throbbing bosom sympathize?
 Or his extensive charity, pervade
 To those who languish in the barren shade,
 Where oft by want and modesty suppress'd,
 The bootless talent warms the lonely breast? 150
 No! petrify'd by dullness and disdain,
 Beyond the feeling of another's pain;
 The tear of pity ne'er bedew'd his eye,
 Nor his lewd bosom felt the social sigh!

Fr. Alike to thee his virtue or his vice, 155
 If his hand lib'ral, owns thy merit's price.

P. Sooner, in hopeless anguish would I mourn,
 Than owe my fortune to the man I scorn!----
 What new Resource?

Fr. A thousand yet remain,
 That bloom with honours, or that teem with gain : 160

These

These arts,---are they beneath---beyond thy care?
 Devote thy studies to th' auspicious Fair :
 Of truth divested, let thy tongue supply
 The hinted slander, and the whisper'd lie ;
 All merit mock, all qualities depress, 165
 Save those that grace th' excelling patroness ;
 Trophies to her, on others' follies raise,
 And heard with joy, by defamation praise :
 To this collect each faculty of face,
 And ev'ry feat perform of sly grimace ; 170
 Let the grave sneer sarcastic speak thee shrewd,
 The smutty joke ridiculously lewd ;
 And the loud laugh thro' all its changes rung,
 Applaud th' abortive fallies of her tongue :
 Enroll'd a member in the sacred list, 175
 Soon shalt thou sharp in company, at whist ;
 Her midnight rites and revels regulate,
 Priest of her love, and Dæmon of her hate.

177. *Her midnight rites, &c.*] These are mysteries perform'd, like those of the *Dea Bona*, by females only ; consequently it cannot be expected, that we should here explain them : We have, notwithstanding, found means to learn some anecdotes concerning them, which we shall reserve for another opportunity.

P. But say, what recompence, for all this waste
 Of honour, truth, attention, time, and taste ? 180
 To shine confess'd, her Zany and her Tool,
 And fall by what I rose, low ridicule ?
 Again shall *Handel* raise his laurel'd brow,
 Again shall harmony with rapture glow !
 The spells dissolve, the combination breaks, 185
 And *Punch* no longer *Frafi's* rival squeaks.
 Lo, *R----* falls a sacrifice to whim,
 And starts amaz'd in *Newgate* from his dream :
 With trembling hands implores their promis'd aid ;
 And sees their favour like a vision fade ! 190
 Is this, ye faithless *Syrens* !----this the joy
 To which, your smiles th' unwary wretch decoy ?
 Naked and shackled, on the pavement prone,
 His mangled flesh devouring from the bone ;

187. *Lo, R---- falls, &c.*] The person here meant, by the qualifications above described, had insinuated himself into the confidence of certain Ladies of Quality, who engaged him to set up a puppet-show, in opposition to the oratorio's of *H--d-l*, against whom they were unreasonably prejudiced. But the town not seconding the capricious undertaking, they deserted their managers, whom they had promised to support, and let him sink under the expence they had entailed upon him : He was accordingly thrown into prison, where his disappointment got the better of his reason, and he remain'd in all the extasy of despair ; till at last, his generous patronesses, after much solicitation, were prevail'd upon, to collect five pounds, on the payment of which, he was admitted into *Bedlam*, where he continues still happily bereft of his understanding.

Rage in his heart, distraction in his eye ! 195

Behold, inhuman Hags ! your Minion lye !

Behold his gay career to ruin run,

By you seduc'd, abandon'd and undone !

Rather in garret pent, secure from harm,

My muse with murders shall the town alarm ; 200

Or plunge in politics with patriot zeal,

And snarl like *G-----ie* for the public weal ;

Than crawl an Insect, in a *Beldame's* power,

And dread the crush of caprice ev'ry hour !

Fr. 'Tis well ;---enjoy that petulance of stile, 205

And, like the envious adder, lick the file :

What 'tho' success will not attend on all ?

Who bravely dares, must sometimes risk a fall.

Behold the bounteous board of fortune spread ;

Each weakness, vice and folly yields thee bread ; 205

199. *Rather in garret, &c.*] These are the dreams and fictions of *Grubstreet*, with which the good people of this metropolis, are daily alarmed and entertained.

206. *And, like the envious adder, lick the file.*] This alludes to the fable of the viper and file, applicable to all the unsuccessful efforts of malice and envy.

Wouldst

Wouldst thou with prudent condescension strive
On the long settled terms of life to thrive.

P. What ! join the Crew that pilfer one another,
Betray my Friend, and persecute my brother :
Turn usurer, o'er *cent. per cent.* to brood, 210
Or quack, to feed like fleas, on human blood ?

Fr. Or if thy soul can brook the gilded curse,
Some changeling heiress steal----

P. Why not a purse ?
Two things I dread, my conscience and the law.
Fr. How ? dread a mumbling bear without a claw ?
Nor this, nor that is standard right or wrong,
'Till minted by the mercenary tongue,
And what is conscience, but a fiend of strife,
That chills the joys, and damps the schemes of life ?
The wayward child of vanity and fear, 220
The peevish dam of poverty and care ;
Unnumber'd woes engender in the breast
That entertains the rude, ungrateful guest !

P. Hail,

P. Hail, sacred pow'r! my glory and my guide!
 Fair source of mental peace, what e'er betide ; 225
 Safe in thy shelter, let disaster roll
 Eternal hurricanes around my soul ;
 My soul serene, amidst the storms shall reign,
 And smile to see their fury burst in vain !

Fr. Too coy to flatter, and too proud to serve, 230
 Thine be the joyless dignity to starve.

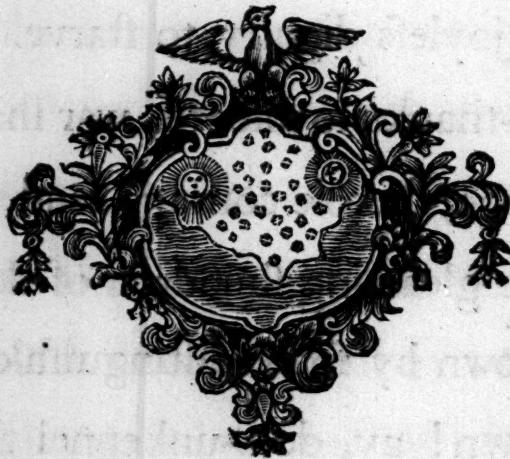
P. No ;---thanks to discord, war shall be my friend ;
 And moral rage, heroic courage lend
 To pierce the gleaming squadron of the foe,
 And win renown by some distinguish'd blow. 235

Fr. Renown! ay, do---unkennel the whole pack
 Of military cowards on thy back.
 What difference, say, 'twixt him who bravely stood,
 And him who sought the bosom of the wood?

238. *What difference, say, 'twixt him who bravely stood,*
 239. *And him who sought the bosom of the wood?*]-----This last line relates to the behaviour of
 a General on a certain occasion, who discovered an extreme passion for the cool shade during the
 heat of the day.

Invenom'd calumny the First shall brand, 240
 The Last enjoy a ribbon and command.

P. If such be life, its wretches I deplore,
 And long to quit th' unhospitable shore.



R E.

R E P R O O F:

A

S A T I R E.

P O E T. F R I E N D.

P. **H** Owe'er I turn, or wherefoe'er I tread,
This giddy world still rattles round my head!

I pant for silence ev'n in this retreat----

Good heav'n! what Dæmon thunders at the gate?

Fr. In vain you strive, in this sequester'd nook, 5
To shroud you from an injur'd friend's rebuke.

P. An injur'd friend!----who challenges the name?
If you, what title justifies the claim?

Did e'er your heart o'er my affliction grieve,

Your int'rest prop me, or your purse relieve? 10

Or could my wants my soul so far subdue,

That in distress she crawl'd for aid to you?

D

But

But let us grant th' indulgence e'er so strong ;
 Display without reserve th' imagin'd wrong :
 Among your kindred have I kindled strife, 15
 Deflowr'd your daughter, or debauch'd your wife ;
 Traduc'd your credit, bubbled you at game ;
 Or foil'd with infamous reproach your name ?

Fr. No ; but your cynic vanity (you'll own)
 Expos'd my private counsel to the town. 20

P. Such fair advice 'twere pity sure to lose ;
 I grant I printed it for public use.

Fr. Yes, season'd with your own remarks between,
 Inflam'd with so much virulence of spleen,
 That the mild town (to give the dev'l his due) 25
 Ascrib'd the whole performance to a Jew.

P. *Jew's*, *Turk's*, or *Pagan's*, hallowed be the mouth
 That teems with moral zeal and dauntless truth !
 Prove that my partial strain adopts one lye,
 No penitent more mortify'd than I ; 30

Not

Not ev'n the wretch in shackles, doom'd to groan
Beneath th' inhuman scoffs of *W---ms-n*.

Fr. Hold---let us see this boasted self-denial---
The vanquish'd knight has triumph'd in his trial.

P. What then?

Fr. Your own sarcastic verse unsay, 35
That brands him as a trembling runaway.

P. With all my soul!--th' imputed charge rehearse;
I'll own my error and expunge the verse.

Come, come,--howe'er the day was lost or won,
The world allows the race was fairly run. 40

But lest the Truth too naked should appear,

A robe of fable shall the goddess wear :

When sheep were subject to the lion's reign,

Ere man acquir'd dominion o'er the plain ;

Voracious wolves fierce rushing from the rocks, 45

Devour'd without controul th' unguarded flocks :

The suff'ers crouding round the royal cave,

Their monarch's pity and protection crave :

Not that they wanted valour, force or arms,
 To shield their lambs from danger and alarms ; 50
 A thousand rams the champions of the fold,
 In strength of horn, and patriot virtue bold,
 Engag'd in firm association, stood,
 Their lives devoted to the public good :
 A warlike chieftain was their sole request, 55
 To marshal, guide, instruct and rule the rest :
 Their pray'r was heard, and by consent of all,
 A courtier ape appointed general.----
 He went, he led, arrang'd the battle stood,
 The savage foe came pouring like a flood ; 60
 Then pug aghast, fled swifter than the wind,
 Nor deign'd in threescore miles to look behind
 While ev'ry band for orders bleat in vain,
 And fall in slaughter'd heaps upon the plain :
 The scar'd baboon (to cut the matter short) 65
 With all his speed could not out-run report ;

And

And to appease the clamours of the nation,
 'Twas fit his case should stand examination.
 The board was nam'd---each worthy took his place ;
 All senior members of the horned race.--- 70
 The weather, goat, ram, elk and ox were there,
 And a grave, hoary stag possess'd the chair.---
 Th' inquiry past, each in his turn began
 The culprit's conduct variously to scan.
 At length, the sage uprear'd his awful crest, 75
 And pausing, thus his fellow chiefs address'd.---
 If age, that from this head its honours stole,
 Hath not impair'd the functions of my soul,
 But sacred wisdom with experience bought,
 While this weak frame decays, matures my thought ;
 Th' important issue of this grand debate
 May furnish precedent for your own fate ;

70. *Horned race.*] It is not to be wonder'd at, that this board consisted of horned cattle only, since, before the use of arms, every creature was obliged in war to fight with such weapons as nature afforded it, consequently those supplied with horns bid fairest for signaling themselves in the field, and carrying off the first posts in the army.—But I observe, that among the members of this court, there is no mention made of such of the horned family as were chiefly celebrated for valour ; namely, the bull, unicorn, rhinoceros, &c. which gives reason to suspect, that these last were either out of favour with the ministry, laid aside on account of their great age, or that the ape had interest enough at court to exclude them from the number of his judges.

Should ever fortune call you to repel
 The shaggy foe, so desperate and fell.---
 'Tis plain (you say) his excellence Sir Ape 85
 From the dire field accomplish'd an escape;
 Alas! our fellow-subjects ne'er had bled,
 If every ram that fell, like him had fled;
Certes, those sheep were rather mad than brave,
 Which scorn'd th' example their wise leader gave. 90
 Let us, then, ev'ry vulgar hint disdain,
 And from our brother's laurel wash the stain.---
 Th' admiring court applauds the president,
 And pug was clear'd by general consent.

Fr. There needs no magic to divine your scope, 95
 Mark'd as you are a flagrant misanthrope:
 Sworn foe to good and bad, to great and small,
 Thy rankling pen produces nought but gall:
 Let virtue struggle, or let glory shine,
 Thy verse affords not one approving line.--- 100

P. Hail

P. Hail sacred themes! the muse's chief delight!
 O bring the darling objects to my sight!
 My breast with elevated thought shall glow,
 My fancy brighten, and my numbers flow!
 Th' *Aonian* grove with rapture would I tread, 105
 To crop unfading wreaths for WILLIAM's head;
 But that my strain, unheard amidst the throng,
 Must yield to *L-ck--n's* ode and *H--b-y's* song.
 Nor would th' enamour'd muse neglect to pay
 To *Stanhope's* worth the tributary lay; 110
 The soul unstain'd, the sense sublime to paint,
 A people's patron, pride and ornament!
 Did not his virtues eterniz'd remain
 The boasted theme of *Pope's* immortal strain.
 Not ev'n the pleasing task is left, to raise
 A grateful monument to *Barnard's* praise;

108. *L-ck--n's ode and H--b-y's song.*] Two productions resembling one another very much in that cloying mediocrity, which *Horace* compares to—*Crassum unguentum, et sardo cum melle papaver.*

108. *Stanhope's worth*] The Earl of *Chesterfield*.

Else should the venerable Patriot stand,
 Th' unshaken pillar of a sinking land.
 The gladd'ning prospect let me still pursue,
 And bring fair virtue's triumphs to the view! 120
 Alike to me, by fortune blest or not,
 From soaring *Cobham* to the melting *Scot*.
 But lo! a swarm of harpies intervene,
 To ravage, mangle and pollute the scene!
 Gorg'd with our plunder, yet still gaunt for spoil, 125
 Rapacious *G--d--n* fastens on our isle;
 Insatiate *L--sc--s*, and the fiend *V--n--k*,
 Rise on our ruins, and enjoy the wreck;
 While griping *J--p--r* glories in his prize,
 Wrung from the widow's tears and orphan's cries. 130

Fr. Relaps'd again! strange tendency to rail!
 I fear'd this meekness would not long prevail.

122. *Melting Scot.*] D--l M---k---r, Esq; a man of such primitive simplicity, that he may be said to have exceeded the scripture-injunction, by not only parting with his cloak and coat, but with his shirt also, to relieve a brother in distress.

126. *G--d--n, L--sc--s, V--n--k,*] A triumvirate of contractors, who scorning the narrow views of private usury, found means to lay a whole state under contribution; and pillage a kingdom of immense sums, under the protection of law.

129. *Griping J--p--r*] A Christian of bowels, who lends money to his friends in want at the moderate interest of 50 per Cent.

P. You deem it Rancour then?—Look round and see
 What vices flourish still, unprun'd by me :
 Corruption roll'd in a triumphant car, 135
 Displays his burnish'd front and glitt'ring star ;
 Nor heeds the public scorn, or transient curse,
 Unknown alike to honour and remorse.
 Behold the leering belle, caress'd by all, .
 Adorn each private feast and public ball ; 140
 Where Peers attentive listen and adore,
 And not one matron shuns the titled whore.
 At *Peter's* obsequies I sung no dirge ;
 Nor has my Satire yet supply'd a scourge
 For the vile tribes of usurers and bites, 145
 Who sneak at *Jonathan's* and swear at *White's*.
 Each low pursuit, and slighter folly bred
 Within the selfish heart and hollow head,

139. *The leering belle*] A wit of the first water, celebrated for her talent of repartee and double entendre.

143. *Peter's obsequies*] *Peter W-t-rs*, Esq; whose character is too well known to need description.

Thrives uncontroul'd, and blossoms o'er the land,
 Nor feels the rigour of my chaft'ning hand: 150
 While *Codrus* shivers o'er his bags of gold,
 By famine wither'd, and benumb'd by cold;
 I mark his haggard eyes with frenzy roll,
 And feast upon the terrors of his soul;
 The wrecks of war, the perils of the deep, 155
 That curse with hideous dreams the caitiff's sleep;
 Insolvent debtors, thieves and civil strife,
 Which daily persecute his wretched life;
 With all the horrors of prophetic dread,
 That rack his bosom while the mail is read. 160
 Safe from the rod, untainted by the school,
 A judge by birth, by destiny a fool,
 While the young Lordling struts in native pride,
 His party-coloured tutor by his side,

164. *His party-colour'd tutor*] Whether it be for the reason assigned in the subsequent lines, or the frugality of the parents, who are unwilling to throw away money in making their children wiser than themselves, I know not: but certain it is, that many people of fashion commit the education of their heirs to some trusty footman, with a particular command to keep master out of the stable.

Pleas'd, let me own the pious mother's care, 165
 Who to the brawny fire commits her heir.
 Fraught with the spirit of a Gothic monk,
 Let *R--ch*, with dulness and devotion drunk,
 Enjoy the peal so barbarous and loud,
 While his brain spues new monsters to the croud ; 170
 I see with joy, the vaticide deplore
 An hell-denouncing priest and sov'reign whore.
 Let ev'ry polish'd dame, and genial lord
 Employ the social chair, and venal board ;
 Debauch'd from sense, let doubtful meanings run, 175
 The vague conundrum and the prurient pun ;

170. *Spues new monsters to the croud ;*] Monsters of absurdity.

He look'd, and saw a fable forc'er rise,
 Swift to whose hand a winged volume flies :
 All sudden, gorgons hiss, and dragons glare,
 And ten-horn'd fiends and giants rush to war.
 Hell rises, heaven descends, and dance on earth,
 Gods, imps and monsters, music, rage and mirth,
 A fire, a jig, a battle and a ball,
 'Till one wide conflagration swallows all.

Dunciad.

172. *Employ the social chair*] This is no other than an empty chair, carried about with great formality, to perform visits, by the help of which a decent correspondence is often maintained among people of fashion, many years together, without one personal interview ; to the great honour of hospitality and good neighbourhood.

174. *Venal board*] Equally applicable to the dining and card table, where every guest must pay an extravagant price for what he has.

While the vain fop, with apish grin, regards
 The gig'ling minx half choak'd behind her cards :
 These and a thousand idle pranks, I deem
 The motley spawn of ignorance and whim. 180
 Let pride conceive and folly propagate,
 The fashion still adopts the spurious brat :
 Nothing so strange that fashion cannot tame ;
 By this dishonour ceases to be shame :
 This weans from blushes lewd *T--w--y's* face, 185
 Gives *H---ly* praise and *In--d--by* disgrace,
 From *Mead* to *Th--p--n* shifts the palm at once,
 A meddling, prating, blund'ring, busy dunce !
 And may (should taste a little more decline)
 Transform the nation to an herd of swine. 190

Fr. The fatal period hastens on apace !

Nor will thy verse th' obscene event disgrace ;

187. *H--ly praise*] A General so renown'd for conduct and discipline, that, during an action in which he had a considerable command, he is said to have been seen rallying three fugitive dragoons, five miles from the field of battle.

Thy flow'rs of poetry, that smell so strong,
 The keenest appetites have loath'd the song ;
 Condemn'd by C--k, B--ks, B---why and C---ty, 195
 And all the crop-ear'd critics of the city :
 While Sagely neutral sits thy silent friend,
 Alike averse to censure or commend.

P. Peace to the gentle soul, that could deny
 His invocated voice to fill the cry ! 200
 And let me still the sentiment disdain
 Of him, who never speaks but to arraign ;
 The sneering son of calumny and scorn,
 Whom neither arts, nor sense, nor soul adorn :
 Or his, who to maintain a critic's rank, 205
 Tho' conscious of his own internal blank,
 His want of taste unwilling to betray,
 'Twixt sense and nonsense hesitates all day ;
 With brow contracted hears each passage read,
 And often hums and shakes his empty head ; 210

195. C---k, B---ks B--w--y, C--ty,] A fraternity of wits, whose virtue, modesty, and taste, are much of the same dimension.

Until some oracle ador'd, pronounce
 The passive bard a poet or a dunce;
 Then, in loud clamour echoes back the word,
 'Tis bold! insipid,--foaring or absurd.
 These, and th' unnumber'd shoals of smaller fry,
 That nibble round, I pity and defy.

F I N I S.

23 JY 68

